

OUTPOST COMPANY



310

FIELD SIGNAL BN.



HONOR ROLL

FRANK GAUTHIER

Died at Camp Custer, April, 1918, Pneumonia.

JOSEPH C. DODD, JR.

Killed in Action, February, 1918.

PAUL F. POLCZYNSKI

Died in Evacuation Hospital 8, Mayen, Germany, January,
1919, Septicemia.

FLOYD J. HARRINGTON

Died in Evacuation Hospital 8, Mayen, Germany, January,
1919, Spanish Influenza.

KLASS GROOTHUIS

Died in Evacuation Hospital 8, Mayen, Germany, February,
1919, Pneumonia.

LIEUTENANT JAMES PARNELL

Died in Evacuation Hospital 8, Mayen, Germany, January,
1919, Spanish Influenza.

LIEUTENANT PAUL R. WILLIAMS

Died in Evacuation Hospital 8, Mayen, Germany, January,
1919, Spanish Influenza.

WILL H. HORTON

Wounded by Shrapnel at Nonsard, France, November 3, 1918.

WILLIAM H. SCHNEIDER

Wounded by Accident, Beaumont, France, October 9, 1919.

*Lest we forget their untiring efforts,
their faithfulness through times good
and bad, their strict and sound prin-
ciples of soldiering, and their grand and
noble qualities both as men and leaders,
we dedicate this book to Major Keene
Richards and Captain Thomas P.
Camelon, men who we remember as
fathers of our Company.*



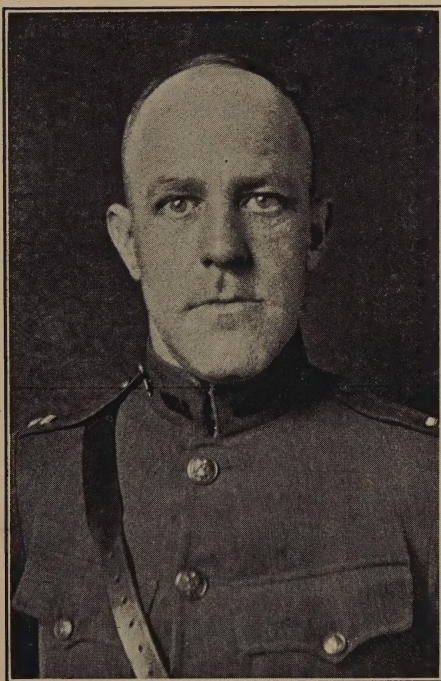
MAJOR KEENE RICHARDS



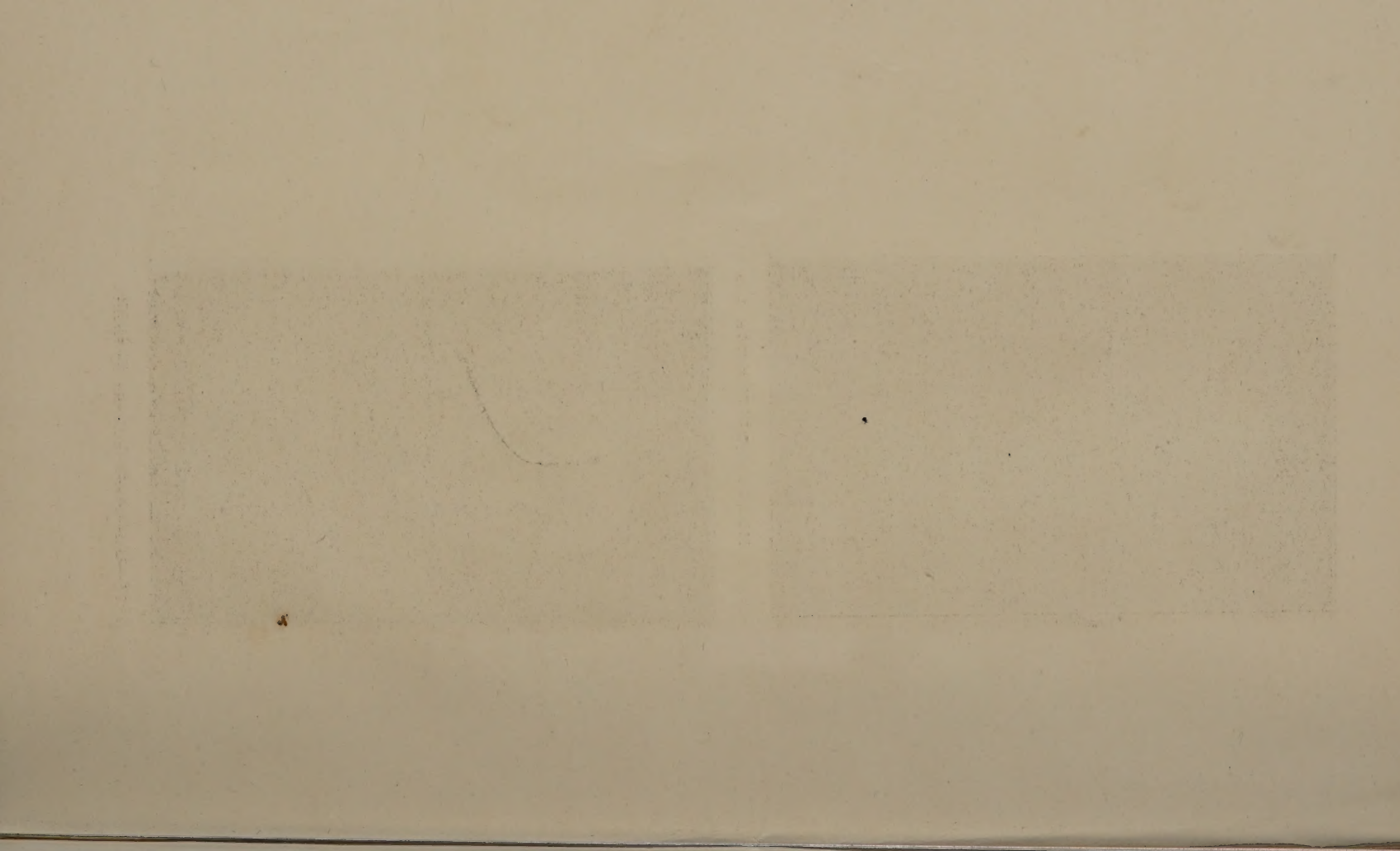
CAPTAIN THOMAS P. CAMELON

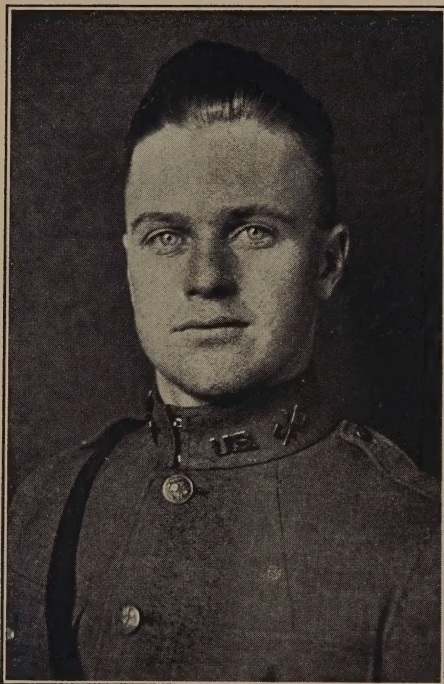


MAJOR EDWIN O. BAKER



CAPTAIN ROBERT H. MacWHORTER

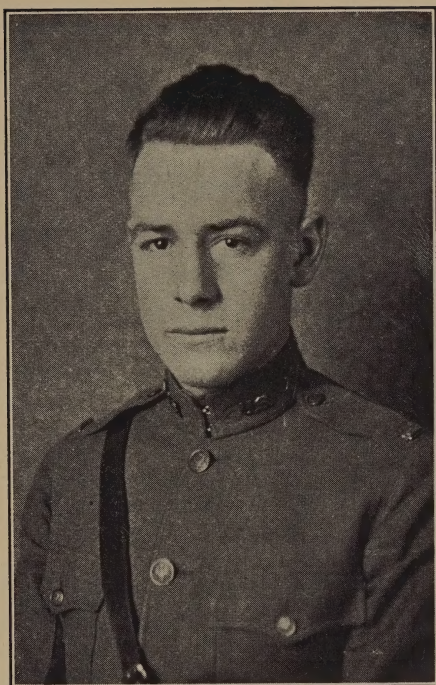




FIRST LIEUTENANT GUY H. MOREHOUSE



FIRST LIEUTENANT RICHARD L. TAYLOR



SECOND LIEUTENANT CLAIR V. LANGTON



SECOND LIEUTENANT EDWARD H. SHUBERT

Roster of Officers and Men Transferred or Otherwise Lost From the Company

Keene Richards.....	Captain
Robert J. Gaskel.....	First Lieutenant
Lucin Lefebvre.....	Second Lieutenant
Ralph W. Harbert.....	Second Lieutenant
Gillian R. Patterson.....	Second Lieutenant
Josiah L. Miller.....	Second Lieutenant
Philip C. Robertson.....	Second Lieutenant
Wilson D. Butler.....	Second Lieutenant
Leland Jones.....	Captain
Frank E. Shaw.....	Captain

Arthur L. Horton
Frank L. Hogerbe
Albert E. Lumsdum
Don M. Hosmer
Carlton Hornibrook
Harry L. Hapner
Henry G. Bell
Martin L. Minick
Carl P. Romel
Carl F. Demil
George Juhe
John F. Hillebrand
Leslie B. Kleist
Merle Duston
Leland Alton
Harry P. Thomas
Earl Burkholder
George Dood
Clinton B. Stevens
Norman Hobson
William Clark
Atleo Ragland
Edward M. Wigman
Allen R. Miller
Morse O. Page
Floyd B. Robidou
Robert Nelson
George G. Henshaw
Bernard Rebentish
John C. Malaniphy

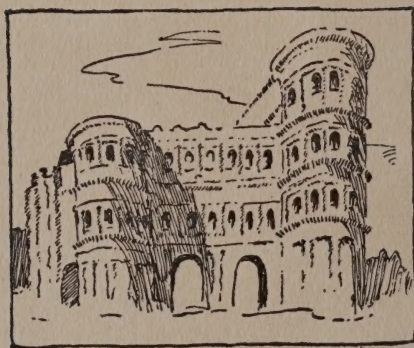
Hobert Smith
Samuel Blythe
Chamcy Conger
Alvin Schlafer
Frederick W. Shea
Bruno Dunn
Edward R. Gernhardt
Ewald Karl
Felix Pochmara
Robert P. Ponton
Verne E. Wilber
John L. Hammond
Joseph McPhilips
Arthur J. Walf
Walter Bardunski
Sam Franseca
Ralph E. Hanon
William Schimovich
John P. Walsh
Harry E. Hanson
Louis A. Prignitz
Ward L. Christy
Joseph F. Kennedy
Gustave A. Marks
Emil E. Puffpaff
Herbert Reith
Thomas J. Patterson
Frank Pofahl
Elton F. Loomis
Matthew P. O'Keefe

Philip J. Weimer
C. Van Norman
Douglas Fell
Cleede J. Kinney
Earl F. Walsh
Harry K. Gibbs
Clay B. Blackwell
Andrew J. Bodick
Wilson J. Cork
Norman W. Forks
Charles A. Hicks
Henry Kaminski
Herman F. Krahn
Floyd Mattis
Andrew Rogers
Kenneth Williamson
Robert Badell
Anthony Bieski
Hermon Bishoff
Fred Bergwald
Ernest Clippenger
Henry De Bore
Si Decuff
Gertr De Winter
Joseph Gorecki
John Hedstrum
Richard Heckma
Edward Juieau
James Lamoreaux
John McCue

Alever Melin
Michel Mucha
Arthur Nelsen
Carl Nelson
Joseph Newmyer
Andre Pelo
Philip Potvin
William Radke
Frank Ramond
William Rosma
Harry Shaw
Joseph Showalter
Homer Skaggess

John Skwarek
Howard Vande Water
Lawrence R. White
Archie Whitman
Lawrence Lederer
John Green
Mortimer Fisher
John Ingoldsby
Ralph Nilen
Howard Eskridge
John Plutschow
Chester Jacobs
Oscar Berzina

Price Powell
John Dietz
William Arntfield
Towel Plamer
Harold Cudebeck
John Batt
Rosby McKinney
Chester Keller
Charles Hoopingarner
Erick Buckler
Ralph Whiting
Hodgn Buffington





Roster of Officers and Men of the Company

OFFICERS

Morehouse, Guy H.	Taylor, Richard L.
Langton, Clair V.	Schubert, Edward H.
MacWhorter, Robert H.	Camelon, Thomas P.
Keene, Richards	

Jacobs, Chester
 Woodward, Joseph H.
 Chapin, Ray
 Chamberlain, Ralph S.
 Hogrebe, Frank A.
 Hosmer, Don M.
 Ferris, Richard H.
 Plutschow, John
 Prihoda, Joseph H., Sr.
 Sidor, John T.
 Thomas, Milton J.
 Olthof, Sybrant
 Green, John E.
 Kleaver, Frank A.
 Preston, Harry E.
 Chaffin, Harry T.
 Jankovsky, Arthur A.
 Eskridge, Howard J.
 Lederer, Lawrence
 Bigelow, Charles A.
 Rowells, Kenneth H.
 Brezina, Oscar J.
 Labadie, Alvin J.
 Polczynski, Paul F.
 Lumsdon, Albert
 Harrington,
 Thomas, Harry P.
 Burkholder, Earl F.
 Groothuiss, Klaas, Sr.
 Rayspis, Jerry G.
 Rosen, Cyrus J.
 Wheeler, Percy H.
 Zweifel, Paul H.
 Jones, Charles P.
 Cleaveland, James W.
 Donahue, Daniel L.
 Egner, Edward L.
 Grant, Harold M.

Griggs, Wirt D.
 Kennedy, Daniel P.
 Kolb, William G.
 Musselman, Lee
 Pillifant, Harold E.
 Pink, Walter E.
 Piper, Leo E.
 Silverman, William N.
 Stine, Grover G.
 Slupinski, John F.
 Trueman, William J.
 Townsend, Leonard F.
 Tucker, Russell R.
 Wood, James H.
 Anderson, Edwin O.
 Brezina, Herbert O.
 Buffington, Hayden
 Bishop, Pierce E.
 Dull, Cecil F.
 McGill, Stanley E.
 Farrell, Frank
 Braun, Frank G.
 Amico, Giulano
 Bartley, Philip E.
 Baker, Ray
 Bown William J.
 Blowers, Harold A.
 Biegalski, Joseph A.
 Anastasiades, James
 Chalker, Garrett F.
 Brown, Innes A.
 Baytarian, Paul H.
 Brobeck, Charles L.
 Carls, John K.
 Baxter, Robert
 Brown, Harold W.
 Brohen, William J.
 Deeren, Jesse E.

Cleaveland, Porter S.
 Cole, William
 Carlson, Albert B.
 Crawford Ernest J.
 Cohoon Leslie C.
 Binford, Benjamin H.
 Cramer, Roy D.
 Curran, Richard P.
 Dice, Frank
 Dawe, Roy A.
 Childs, Elisha A.
 Cootware, Wallace P.
 Chasson, Louis
 Crandell, Herbert C.
 Story, Arthur S.
 Dodge, Charles L.
 Dunavan, Stuart J.
 Eckert, Edwin A.
 Gilbert, James H.
 Dreyfus, Jacob J.
 Dibbell, Frank J.
 Stumpf, Martin H.
 Stumpf, Raymond F.
 Nifer, Merritt E.
 Deal, Percy M.
 Fisher, Mortimer
 Cushing, Rolla T.
 Dwelle, Alton W.
 Ferguson, Charles
 Fall, Albin L.
 Farrell, Charles
 Strock, Charles J.
 Ernest, Charles
 French, William B.
 Ennis, Ray
 Dyer, Frank L.
 Flinn, Earle
 Fought, Claudem

Geldhof, Peter
 Evans, Clare J.
 La Croix, Dave
 Lackey, Simon W.
 Kurtz, Percy H.
 Lajoie, Edward
 Kunkel, Theodore H.
 Gessing, Lawrence G.
 Sandberg, Clarence T.
 Harris, James R.
 Haas, George M.
 Greben, Max B.
 French, Clayton W.
 Gilbert, Russell A.
 Hartzler, Abram R.
 Hall, Paul C.
 Freed, Edward A.
 Froling, John D.
 Hass, Fred W.
 Hawkins, Leo A.
 Lawburgy, Charles A.
 Gates, John C., Jr.
 Heitlauf, Charles W. J.
 Herr, Joseph P.
 Hassey, Edward
 Golczynski, Charles S.
 Hovey, Harvey W.
 Hopkins, Thomas C.
 Lippett, Jerome L.
 Gleason, Walter T.
 Hudy, Joseph
 Houser, Carl H.
 Hoppmann, Ralph Barr
 Hart, Edward D.
 Johnson, Wylie A.
 Johnson, Oscar E.
 McMurray, James R.
 Gordon, Ray H.
 Johnson, John A.
 Keegan, John
 Ives, Lorimer E.
 Keenan, Thomas N.
 Keste, John E.
 Koken, George A.
 Mahaffy, Maurice E.
 Hesse, Herbert A.
 Kludy, Ray C.
 Kinnes, Christie
 Knauf, Oscar R.
 Lipsey, Albert W.
 Leuck, Albert M.

Koski, Samuel
 Malcolm, Evar
 Lehn, Ralph F.
 Lane, Ira F.
 Lenz, Emil R.
 Kozlowski, Frank
 McGlone, Daniel
 Lohner, Harold J.
 Lewis, James A.
 Meerse, Clarence
 Lyons, Alder M.
 Lowe, William E.
 Linde, Herbert B.
 Lokerse, James.
 McIntyre, Arthur J.
 McGoldrick, John T.
 McClure, L. D.
 Meinke, George A.
 Mahle, George A.
 Lyons, John F.
 McConville, Edward
 McGeough, Michael J.
 Maier, Arnold
 Manning, William W.
 Marshall, Walter M.
 Ridenour, Wayne E.
 Mayer, James J.
 Mekjian, Sarkus
 McGuffey, John M.
 Markus, Oscar N.
 Melville, Arthur
 Million, Newton S.
 Miller, Wilbert E.
 Sherarts, Guy E.
 Morton, Jack F.
 Nancarrow, Wilfred
 Mossey, Harry R.
 Osborn, Laurel A.
 Monken, Erwin J.
 Nielan, Ralph E.
 Plum, Howard H.
 Snow, Carroll C.
 Nelson, Burt G.
 Perry, John G.
 Patterson, Paul F.
 Nelson, George T.
 Parent, Charles P.
 Ready, John
 Ohrund, John A.
 Berryman, Charles R.
 Peck, Russell

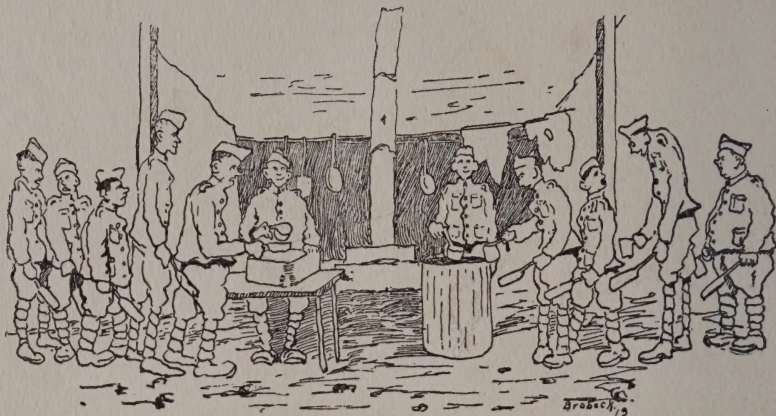
Potichke, John
 Pirtle, George S.
 Peters, Virgil E.
 Phillips, John
 Rich, Augustus J.
 Rice, John S.
 Bigelow, Charles A.
 Reeber, Eugene S.
 Reh fuss, William H.
 Rebone, William E.
 Potter, John L.
 Perdue, Bernard W.
 Roseboom, John H.
 Sabin, Edgar C.
 Sowers, Clell V.
 Price, Benjamin
 Scherpenisse, Isaac
 Rickett, Trevor D.
 Roth, Adam M.
 Reed, John S.
 Shattuck, George N.
 Smith, Alfred
 Wilson, Frank E.
 Rasmussen, Viggo L.
 Seifert, William
 Sladek, John C.
 Smith, Carl
 Ries, Clyde D.
 Smith, Edward F.
 Stanley, Emmett L.
 Voegel, Hubert J.
 Rothwell, Austin C.
 Spooner, Leroy G.
 Sussenguth, Frank C.
 Stevens, Jake A.
 Switzer, John
 Thomas, Glenn H.
 Thorne, Erastus N.
 Severance, William E.
 Sharpe, Roscoe
 Thornton, Bert L.
 Triggs, William
 Van Alten, Cornelius
 Shea, Harold A.
 VanDyke, Albert
 Vandermel, John C.
 Soper, William J.
 Vaughan, Percy H.
 Van Overloop, John
 Watts, Harry H.
 Stetler, Russell E.

Steinmetz, Frederick
Williams, Arthur L.
Wilkinson, Francis R.
Slama, Lester K.
Zenk, Oto K.
Webber, William
Winsberg, Leo
Wolff, Joseph M.
White, Peck H.

Wood, Claude L.
Working, Ralph
Walton, William M.
Zeller, George A.
Connolly, John F.
Arvant, William
Folkman, William F.
West, Earl F.
Watlin, John F.

Filburn, Harry L.
Briggs, Carson S.
Haroon, John M.
Grazadei, Michael A.
Leiter, Orley C.
Rhoades, Charles P.
Gysel, Charles
Kenyon, Clifford





History of Company "C", 310th Field Signal Battalion, 1917-1919

By SGT. GROVER G. STINE

On the 6th day of April, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany, joining the Allies in the greatest war of wars. Immediately steps were taken to strengthen both our Army and Navy. Accordingly numerous Signal Battalions had to be organized of men with electrical, telegraph, telephone and radio experience. In fact, men from all walks of life were called to the Colors to fight side by side, and as we look back we can see those soon-to-be soldiers streaming over the sandhills of Camp Custer, from the Michigan Central tracks to the mustering office. It was September, and a part of these men were to be assigned to the Signal Battalion in the new National Army, which at this post was known as the 85th Division. Some carried handbags, some suitcases, others bundles, but everyone when he left home was sure he had forgotten many handy things that should have come along. However, in days to come the soldier found out that he had many articles of no use—or at least that is what the officers said. After the line-up at the camp entrance the men who were assigned to the Signal Battalion proceeded to their first Custer home barracks No. 466, where blankets and mess kits were issued.

Next came another epoch in soldiering. The first Army meal was supper, served in regular "one arm restaurant style." However, you did not order to your desire, nor did you say what was foremost in your mind, for the mess was Army "slum"—bread and coffee. After this "hearty meal" we were taken in tow by Acting Corporal Robt. Nelson, who, like any old soldier, put us wise all in one evening that we must settle down



to business, for, as he said, "You're in the 'Army' now," and accordingly showed us to "our rooms" where we were given a bed and an empty bed-tick, with instructions to "fill 'em up." Everybody got talkative and tried to find someone he knew back home and, of course, many lasting friendships started that first day.

Then along came bed-time. Many a lad went to bed the earliest for years, and the lights were put out with the instructions that all must be quiet. Everyone started to dream, and in fact, at 5:45 next morning the dream was worse than ever, for an alarm was sounded and we were all up in a hurry to dress when we were informed that there was nothing wrong; in fact, we would be awakened each morning in like manner, and woe to the man that did not hear said bugle.

Daily new comrades joined us until the Battalion was materially improved by men coming from Chicago and other points in the Middle West who had been assigned to the 19th Field Signal Battalion in the Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps. They were notified to report to Camp Custer, so when transportation arrived they reported for active duty on the 10th of October. However, as the need of Signal Corps men increased, it be-

came necessary to increase the strength of the Battalion. Therefore, on October 12th orders were received to increase "C" Company from 75 men to 280 men. To do so the old "A," "B" and "C" Companies were formed into the new "C" Company, and the new Battalion so arranged was given the designation number "310th." This organization was officered by Lt. Col. Stuart, Capts. Shaw, Jones and Simpson, Lt. LaFavre,



and Lt. Harbert. A few days later Major Edwin O. Baker became the commanding officer of what was to be known as the 310th Field Signal Battalion.

We must not overlook the initiation received the first part of our soldier lives in the form of arm and shoulder punches with a needle. Oh, Boy! How gr-r-r-and and glor-r-r-ious was the feeling when we were told that the last punch had been taken. Along about this time Lt. Camelon came to our Battalion as medical officer, and it was his pride to keep in direct touch with the health of all men, so that in days to come he was to realize his ambition by having the healthiest unit in the entire Division. By his good work and constant care of his men he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and later given entire charge of a hospital after his arrival in France, his transfer causing grief throughout the entire Battalion.

With the birth of new Company "C" came a new commander, Capt. Keene Richards, who succeeded Capt. Shaw. Capt. Richards was not a large man in stature, but as time passed and we became more closely associated with him, we found him to be a broadminded man of ability, and realized that there was in him the ability to lead, for as is his motto "To lead, not to drive," we were assured that with such a leader it was altogether fitting that we give him our utmost trust and respect. It was not long before the shell of the "rookie" loosened and we developed into soldiers. Daily he was with us, teaching the new duties and showing us our defects, until soldiering became more of a pleasure than a task. Consideration of his men was his mainstay toward success and to that end all problems were shaped and attained, if not in the training it was proved in later months for we shall never forget the spirit that reigned during our first nine months while in the training camp and managed to crop out over on the other side in the months of mud and "Corn Willie."

On the 4th of November, 1917, Lt. R. H. McWhorter, who was later our Captain, reported to the Company for duty. Lt. McWhorter was later transferred to "A" Company of our Battalion and commissioned Captain.

Summer passed quickly in our effort to attain everything known to our duties as a soldier, and fall came. With it on the 14th of November also came First Lt. Guy H. Morehouse who immediately won the confidence and respect of every man in the Company.

The next blow was infantry drill with guns, belts and all the trimmings but the blue hat cord, and even that was expected, for we had assigned to our Company Lts. Wilson D. Butler, Phillip C. Robinson and Johia L. Miller, who were infantry officers. But after a few months of the manual of arms and infantry squad east and west these officers were released and joined their infantry outfits; while on March 15th we lost Lt. Harbert to the 338th Infantry, he being an infantry officer. It was

with regret that we said goodbye to him, for he had become as one of us and very well liked by the men under his command.

The 18th of March saw another addition to our official staff in the person of First Lt. Richard L. Taylor who became the chosen leader of the Second Platoon; while on the 22nd of April came to the Company Second Lt. E. H. Schubert. However, it remained for a lovely day in June to herald the arrival of Second Lt. Clair V. Langton. It was June 15th, and from that day he was the undisputed leader of the Fourth Platoon who held claim to him until the Company was mustered out.

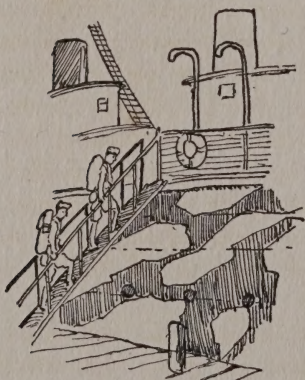
Our first days of Army life indeed will not be forgotten, for being transformed from civilians to soldiers is not an easy task. First, the making of new friends, the school of the soldier, endless hikes, duties as orderly, or assignment to kitchen police, guard, etc., under orders of an Acting Corporal or Sergeant whom you naturally classed as beneath you, but later found to be a necessary evil. And there was the Army grub to get used to, and the toughest blow of all was the go-to-bed habit that called for 9:00 P. M. But as hard as it all did seem, every man did his best to get used to the routine and become a regular soldier in an effort to make our unit, as an organization, a success. Squads right and left, telephone and telegraph instruction and other signal drills were occupying our time each day. Every man had his task and kept at it for the good of the cause; although many were the times that disgust would get the better of us and we wished we could be a civilian, even if only for an hour, yet we plodded along toward that which every soldier wished—a trip to France and get in the scrap.

At periods during instruction Capt. Richards, aided by the lieutenants, would give us various lectures regarding the work which would be expected of us to perform when in active service, thereby giving us more life and ambition to work all the harder during our period of training. Included in the course of instruction was the building of a dugout under cover of darkness in what was supposed to be the front line trenches. This feat will never be forgotten, we are sure, by those who participated. The timbers were cut in the daylight, and when all was ready we went out one evening under cover of darkness. Not a loud word was spoken all through the night. The timbers were carried to the spot while the necessary hole was dug to take form of a regulation dugout. All the work was stopped at times when the "enemy" would send up star shells, every man remaining motionless until the light faded out, then work was resumed. In all, it was a great experience and for the night work put in we felt well repaid, because for the first time we realized the sacrifice that was necessary when in actual operation, as we hoped soon to be forwarded overseas.

Now let us come back to our famous hikes. Once a week we marched over dusty or muddy roads, over fields, up hill and down, and there are a few that we cannot forget—our hike to Battle Creek over the cement road with light packs, rifle and our newly issued overshoes, and what seemed ages to traverse—that last mile. Then came the hike to Gull Lake where we camped overnight, sleeping for the first time in our “pup tents.” Camp fires were lighted and many were the stories told and many the songs sung that night. Also let us remember the Battalion hikes with Companies “A” and “B,” which always meant sore feet and exhaustion at the end; but through it all we lived and were hardened for the harder task “Over There.”

Another feature that we like to look back to and with pride is the fortunes of some of the former enlisted men of our Company who were sent to officers’ training camps and made good. Our old top-kicker, Robert Nelson, and Sgt. George Henshaw left us on December 27, 1917, for Leon Springs, Texas. Sergeants B. L. Rebentisch and John C. Melanphy left in March, 1918, to take the officers training at Camp Custer. Sergeants J. P. Walsh and Harry Hanson left in April, 1918, for Leon Springs. All of these men made good and were assigned to duties later on as Second Lieutenants. It remained though for Private Samuel G. Blythe to surprise us when one day he showed his orders from Washington, saying he was to be known from that day on as First Lieutenant, Engineers.

Constant reports coming in of the wonderful work being done by the American troops overseas served as an incentive, and daily the men grew more anxious to see action. On the morning of June 9th our Captain announced that we would soon leave for overseas. But here came another disappointment, for the date came and went by with us not on our way. The days went by in sort of a disheartened way but always full



of an early order to move, until June 16, when, to our great disappointment, we learned that our Captain had received orders to report to Fort Leavenworth to take charge of a battalion there with the rank of Major. However, we were again promised an early trip across by our new C. O. who was First Lieutenant Morehouse. On July 9th Capt. R. H. McWhorter reported to our Company, taking command and was with us from that time on.

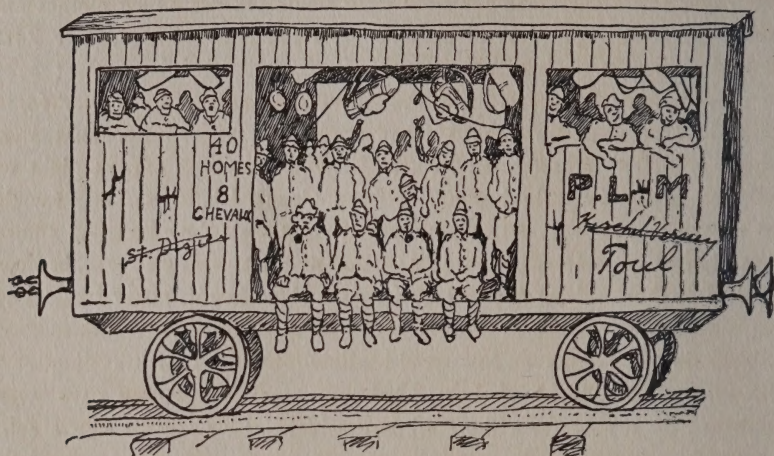
At this time we were under orders to move, and on July 11th at

5:00 P. M. we pulled out of Camp Custer on our first lap toward France. At 8:30 P. M., July 13th, we found our tents at Camp Mills which was to be our home for eight days while we drew new clothes and equipment, awaiting orders to embark. At noon on Sunday, July 21st, all had their feet on board the British S. S. Minnekahda, and at 3:30 we moved away from good old American soil; and can we ever forget the thrill that went through us when we quietly passed the Statue of Liberty and took a last good look at New York City? That night we anchored in the inner harbor across from Coney Island, waiting for the rest of the convoy. It sure was a grand sight—all the places of amusement lighted up and we unable to take a part. Next morning we weighed anchor and set out to sea, fourteen ships in all, going south, now east, now north, always in a zig-zag course—to make a submarine attack as near impossible as course would allow—but always traveling east. However, on the night of July 23rd, our second night out, we were awakened by a shot from the starboard which later proved to be a sub., but an American who did not have correct signals. The balance of the journey was rather quiet, until two days out from Liverpool, when the English subchasers cleaned up a few subs., so they say, but we can say they used plenty of depth bombs if nothing was in the ocean for a target.

After fourteen days at sea we landed at Liverpool on August 3rd, amidst a rainstorm and cheers from the populace; it seemed they were all down to greet the convoy. We were hustled across the city to the Midland Railroad Station, and started across England, and were introduced for the first time to coaches or carriages, as they say, which have compartments and are divided into classes. We, being soldiers, of course, traveled third class. Next morning at 1:30 A. M. we unloaded from the train and loaded up our packs on our backs in preparation for a short hike to the "rest" camp. It seemed at least ten miles, and with no lights in the streets we thought nothing could be worse. Finally in camp we found nice "floor beds," so there was no trouble in someone getting the best of that. Two days of this "rest" and we packed up and made our way to the docks and boarded the U. S. S. Charles which, under cover of darkness, shot across the English Channel and landed us in the early morning of August 7th at LeHarve, France, where we found another nice "rest camp" with spring beds n'everything, including an introduction to the cootie family. Here we also got wised up in modern warfare from the English who were going to and from England on pass.

On the 9th we found ourselves again on the move, this time in the famous French side-door Pullmans. We moved out in the night which was to be our custom from then on; and on the morning of August 10th we unloaded at Sancerre, France, and proceeded to climb the hill. Later

we learned that it took Caesar and his army forty days to capture this hill; so after climbing it a few times, as well as a few other hills in the



vicinity, we decided to give Caesar our best regards for sticking it out that long. At this town we were informed what a billet was. Information came without the aid of a dictionary, for we found that a billet was anything from a "pup tent" to a cow stable or wood shed—maybe a hay loft. Of course, some were lucky and acquired a feather bed.

Once more we found ourselves on the move. This time, August 24th, we were bound for the Front and in the same French rail cruisers, going by the way of Is-Sur-Tille, where we took on extra luggage in the form of gas masks and tin lids, finally arriving at the jumping off place called Toul. Here we were informed to rush unloading as the Huns came over nearly every night to "drop a few steel messages" in the railroad yards. So amid a downpour of rain we loaded the baggage into trucks and proceeded to quarters at the edge of the city, in French barracks, known as Marshal Ney. While staying here a few days we could hear the gun fire and occasionally during the day witnessed our first air battles, which proved to be more interesting later when the men approached the lines; and at night rocket signals and anti-aircraft guns lit up the heavens for our amusement. It was exciting, to say the least, but at that we wished to be closer, which wish became a reality on the night of the 29th, when the first of the details started for their first active service up front.

We now were informed that the Battalion was no longer a part of the 85th Division, but had been assigned to the 4th American Army Corps, 1st Army, of which corps the battalion was always a part, being Corps Field Signal Battalion troops. On the night of September 2nd the Company split into the four platoons and proceeded to designated villages, where each took up the responsibility of their own duties and

acted as a unit within itself, it remaining for the 4th Platoon to remain away from Company headquarters the longest, as they did not rejoin the Company until November 19th, when the Army of Occupation was well on its way. The Company was joined by the 4th Platoon at Buzy, France, near the Luxemburg border.

It became apparent that our Company, although out in platoon and details, were to take an active part in a drive which was to be staged very soon after the 1st of September, for an endless amount of troops and supplies were forever going forward during the nights, and we were at all times cautious that communication should not be impeded through any neglect on the part of the Signal Corps. On the night of September 11th we "had a hunch" that there was to be some music for "Jerry" in a few hours, so everyone was alert, even though there was a steady downpour of rain which had been in operation for days. And at 1:00 A. M. the morning of the 12th, thousands of American and French guns opened fire with a barrage that lasted until 4:25, when the Infantry advanced, supported at 5:00 o'clock by tanks. It was a marvelous drive. The Germans were surprised much beyond their expectations, as well as our own, in this first of all American drives. All corps details moved up as fast as possible, therefore we were called upon to establish communication from point to point and allow no time to be wasted. Had the Hun come back to any extent with gun fire this story might have been different; but as it was our Company did not suffer any loss of life, but the men were all put to the most strenuous task ever placed before them, and came out with colors flying, for later we were complimented by the Chief Signal Officer for our efficiency, even in face of the fact that most all material was acquired during the operations, owing to no supplies being available before the drive started. After the lines had been established and details working the Company was detailed to clean up the back areas of all unnecessary wire, and the same was placed in shape in dumps in preparation for the next drive which would have started for Metz on the 14th of November. All men from September 2nd were in the zone of advance until the Armistice.

Again on September 26th our Company was called upon to take up a reserve position during a straightening out of the lines around Pont A Musson. This was a minor operation, but many of our men saw the successful conclusion of another American operation.

Up until this time none of our men were even wounded. However, on November 3rd the 4th Platoon moved to Nonsard as their headquarters, and that night proved to be unlucky, for Pvt. A. L. Horton at the first shelling was hit by shrapnel in the shoulder, being later invalided home.

The 15th of November we held a get-together party in Ausouville,

where the men had their Thanksgiving dinner and reunion to celebrate the signing of the Armistice. On the 17th we, with the 3rd Army started on the move into Germany. Crossing "No Man's Land" was a task, for the roads were not as yet all cleared of mines and repaired. However, we managed to get the transportation through, and at noon of the 23rd crossed into the Duchy of Luxemburg where the people greeted us with cheers and allied flags, for they had been four years under German oppression, the same as the over-run French territory. After a rest of eight days in Bettemberg, Luxemburg, we proceeded to an old stone quarry at the outskirts of Grevenmacher. Next morning we moved on, and passing through Grevenmacher we stayed at Machtum until the morning of the 3rd. Just four months after landing at Liverpool we crossed into Germany, our first stop being Ruwer, Germany, on the Moselle, which town is just a few kilos from Trier, one of the oldest towns in Germany, the home of the German kings in years gone by. Leaving Ruwer we stopped at Burg, then Whittich and on the next day to Beltheim for another week's rest. This, we must say, was welcome, as the men were mostly quartered in beds where beds were available. On December 15th we were again on the move, this time to what was to be our last stop in Germany. Going by way of the Rhine from Boppard to Coblenz, then crossing the Moselle once more we proceeded to Mayen, Germany, taking this time a schoolhouse for temporary quarters, finally moving into permanent homes with the German people. At this, our last stopping place, we lost by death some of our men who died of disease. Their loss at this time was felt very keenly, as we had all hoped to remain there as long as was necessary until the happy day would arrive when we all could return to the good old U. S. A.

We made the boast that we would eat dinner on Christmas Day in Germany, and this was realized much to our satisfaction. Of course, we did not get to Berlin but we were close enough to consider our boast made good.

After having settled down in permanent quarters, it seemed the days were longer than ever, as our thoughts each day were thousands of miles away. However, the Army of Occupation already was stirring around for amusement, whereby we could forget for a few minutes each day about our unnecessary stay in Germany, as it seemed to be. We in our Company, as well as nearly every unit overseas, got together all our talent, and the Army of Occupation had as good a circuit of shows—both good and bad—as ever an American circuit dared to claim. Through the cold winter and spring months very little of consequence happened, but with warmer weather came the chance for athletics, which did a great deal to liven up our spirits. Also the Army G. H. Q. had made special arrangements with the railroads of France, Belgium and Germany to

carry troops on pass to many pretty resorts where a vacation of from three days to two weeks was enjoyed, but we are told that the trips to and from were like a nightmare due to overcrowded conditions on the "Pull-man Sleepers" a la Hommes.

Baseball season came along, and we must make a note here so that it will not be forgotten that old "C" Company walked off with fifteen straight games, with no loss during our season, and also made a few extra marks on the 308th Field Signal Battalion. Remember?

Without a doubt no man can forget the routine of camp life, but for future reference we might state that Reveille and Retreat were at times a success—and K. P.'s came thick and fast at times, especially when food seemed a little slack on the tables. Then there were the "observation hikes" and "hunt the stake." Of course, a goodly number of men were not able to be about for these strolls, but pay-day came once a month and then we all turned out.

Schools will have to be mentioned, for it seemed that as soon as the Company was allotted their number who might attend, the bulletin board was swamped with aspirants for greater knowledge—and we believe out of our hundred men at school, five of them surely did have interest in the schools, for they later asked for transfer to other schools as their knowledge attained was enough to prove that they would be better off under other teachers who, perhaps, had made a better record for friendship with their pupils.

After the usual number of rumors had been received and exploded regarding our going home—like other moves we had made in our history—we finally received orders to leave Mayen, Germany, on May 26th, homeward bound, leaving Mayen at 6:30 P. M., May 26th, passing through Coblenz, Trier, Verdun, St. Miheal, Commercy, Goundrecourt, and through Sancesse, the scene of our first few weeks in France, on to Bourges, Griefes, Turs, through pretty French Normandy, into St. Naziare; and oh, what a relief when we unloaded from those crowded cars. So to loosen up, we hiked about five miles to the embarkation camp to go through the usual Army red tape. This was known as Delousing Camp No. 2. Then clean clothes and a clean medical slate put us in Camp No. 1, where we waited and bet on the boat which would take us across "the pond" once more. Finally on the morning of June 1st we hiked back to town and to the docks, boarding the good old ship U. S. S. Henderson, and next morning cleared the docks and happily looked westward until June 13th, when our boat pulled into New York harbor, past the most wonderful statue in the world; and after unloading in peace, for no one seemed to notice that we had just returned from overseas, we again hiked, first to wieners and sauerkraut on the dock, then to

the ferry, and after going up the Hudson we landed below Camp Merritt. One more climb and the happy day ended in as perfect a manner as we could hope for.

After our heavy climb up the bank of the Hudson into Camp Merritt we were given billets which, without a doubt, were very happily received by everyone in the outfit for we felt sure a few days more and we would be in "civies."

After our first real American meal the men were rushed to the "cootie delousing plant" for one more process for clean skins and clothing, and after a good night's rest we were taken out for both Battalion and Company pictures. When this was finished the men were marched into another section of the camp where we were to prepare the Company in shape so the men might be divided into details, according to destination points throughout the United States. While in this section of the camp the Company was separated from all their excess baggage that had been carried back from overseas; everything going into salvage piles.

One day was necessary for the wind-up according to the Company records, and on the 15th day of June all the men going to the various camps were separated and we said goodbye to each other. The majority had been in the Company then nearly twenty-one months. Without a doubt this part of our home-coming was the saddest.

On the night of June 15th the division of men going to Camp Custer marched to their train about 5:00 o'clock. Those going to Camp Grant came on a later section, and the balance of the men going to various other camps started out at different times, some of them having to wait nearly two days longer before they were released.

As a Company this epistle is closed, and we feel sure that the services rendered by each and every man in Company "C," 310th Field Signal Battalion will go down on record in history as services well done.

How We Tripped Across the Ocean Without a Fall

By *PVT. EDWARD A. FREED*

My home is in New York and at different times I have been aboard ocean liners. I have seen some of the larger ones, with their salons and fine sleeping accomodations just like any modern hotel, placed upon the water, and naturally that impression rather stuck in my memory. When we marched down for embarkation some such picture arose up before me. But life is made up of disappointments, so one more really makes little difference, and if one has a sense of humor it is easy to make the best of things and meet all conditions.

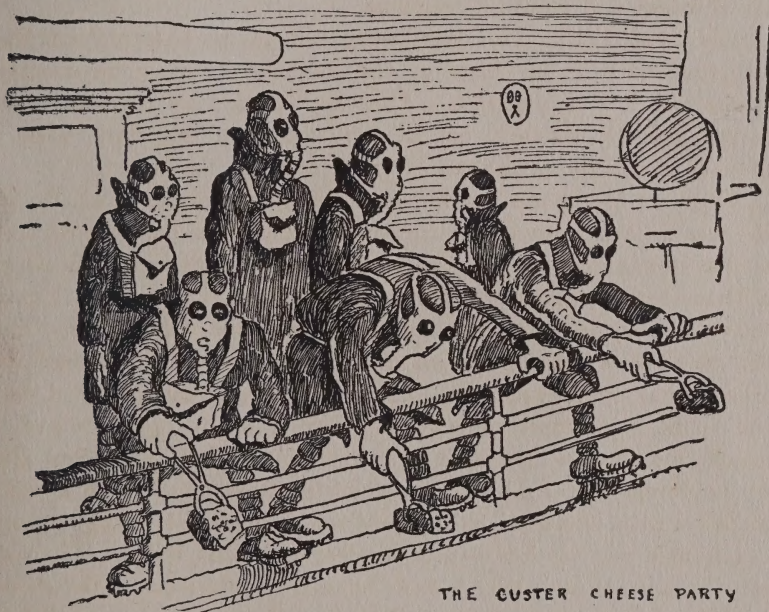
July 21st, 1918. No doubt every man in the Company has that date jotted down in his diary, or else indelibly placed in his memory. At any rate it is unforgettable. That was the day we embarked upon our trip into the unknown, one of those nice, hot July days, when a full pack is entirely unnecessary to make one feel the heat.

When we first stepped on the good ship Minnekhada, which, by the way, was the best cattle boat I ever made a trip upon, little did we realize what was in store for us. However, the British government, to whom the Minnekhada belonged, was like the United States in one respect, a great believer in preparedness. We discovered that almost immediately, and after the discovery they impressed us with this belief and continued impressing us at every opportunity, which was at least three times a day. Here is the preparedness program to which I refer: They believe in strength, and oh, how they gave us strength, in the form of cheese. But give the government credit, like everything else they do, they do it right, and this was no exception, as it surely was some cheese. The sergeant at each table was supplied with a hammer and many spikes. The reason? In case any man left the table he used the aforesaid on the cheese then, when he returned, it was still there. Running a close second to the cheese was our dessert. Talk about daintiness—for the benefit of the gentle reader not in the service, we were served the daintiest horse or mule meat ever. I am in doubt as to which it was. Several of the boys made bets, but that was never decided as the cook never seemed to be up and about, or out in the open where we could get at him. Wise cook.

'Tis said that the life of a soldier is to endure, but like everything

else there is a limit, even to a soldier's endurance, especially to a brand new soldier, and some of us were that.

So one dark and stormy night several brave ones tried and true, plotted deep into the night, and the outcome of the plotting was a well-planned scheme to remove the shackles of the cook's tyranny. The next day a chosen band of trusty men, armed with gas masks and eight-inch plyers, crept upon every ounce of unsuspecting cheese and captured all within sight and smelling distance, which was considerable. For reasons, death was impossible. The decision was "buried alive." What a funeral procession that was! Will we ever forget it? Not that march over the decks. It was touching—in fact, so much that when we passed the officers' quarters they were so overcome that they had to depart to parts unknown. At least that was what I thought. There may have been other reasons, too. After proper burial services our poor cheese went overboard. Talk about the famous "Boston tea party," that now runs a close second in history.



That night a terrible storm arose, and as strenuous Grant and the rest of us lay huddled below, we sympathized with dear old mother ocean, for anything or anybody would become unruly and rebellious with such a thing thrust upon them.

As I understand it, the Minnekhada was a cattle boat and this was her first trip as a troop ship. Oh, would that she had remained a cattle boat. As I said before, my picture had been of a hotel upon the water.

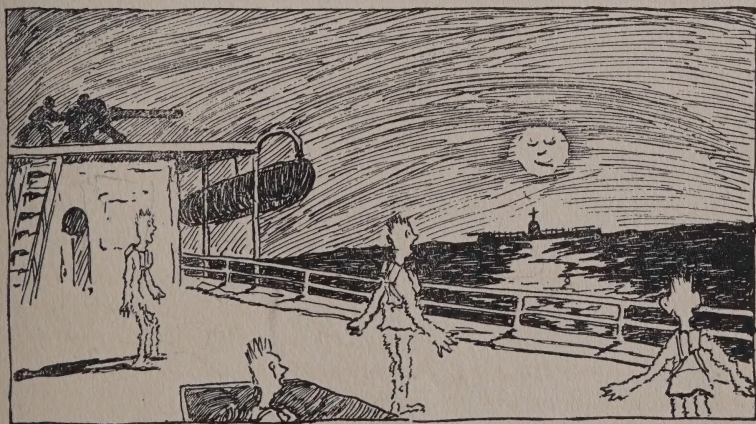
Well, this was just like one. Have you ever seen or been in a Bowery lodging house at 15 cents per night? The inmates all over the floor and about three sleeping where one should be, but nevertheless called a hotel. One night I slept in a hammock, but awoke in the middle of the night disguised as a jackknife, all doubled up, so I arose and picked out a nice soft deck board, but I again awoke after an hour or so, feeling as if I had the rheumatism. Then I decided to try a bench, but that worked not so well, and next came a table, and by that time it was morning and time to prepare for the day. Feeling not so clean, I decided



to take a bath so hied me to the showers—some bath. This should certainly put me in shape. I undressed and jumped under. Ye gods, I must have turned on the ice water. I started to soap myself, and after continued rubbing, not a bit of lather, I felt like a pot of glue. I looked at the soap—it was good old palm olive, but nary a lather and finally I came to the conclusion that salt water (which it was) and soap do not mix well. By this time I was feeling great and thought, what's the diff, a good breakfast will cheer me up some. I had breakfast, all right. The English have quite a reputation for their tea and porridge. Nope, I haven't touched mine, you can have my share, no charge. George, lead me to the "Greasy Elbow" or "Thompsons." However, as they say in the classics, "C'est La Guerre," so we will forgive but we cannot forget. But enough regarding sleeps and eats, let us away to things more serious; an incident or two of unwritten history.

Here is a secret: "How to defeat a submarine without fighting."

Answer—Be on the same side. At any rate, hist to this tale of what took place on the briney deep. The night of July 23rd shone bright and clear—a perfect moonlight night with the moonbeams playing upon the water. Yo ho, me lad, and a bottle of rum. I was on the submarine watch to starboard, so I know what a beautiful night it was. However, I was relieved at midnight. All the men on this lookout had sleeping quarters on deck. Well, I had been in the midst of a dream where I was walking along the bottom of the ocean or sleeping in the ocean bed or some such thing, when I was awakened by whistles blowing and lots of excitement and shouting. It was 3:30 A. M. That was the exact time because out of the canvass of thirty diarys there was at least one that said so. Suddenly I heard the boom of a gun and the cry of submarine, lots of excitement and everyone running to and fro. Personally I didn't mind it much. I slept right next to a life boat; brave youth! But they do say things about certain members of the Company. Now mind you, what follows is what I heard, I am not an eye witness. I know it is not right to repeat hearsay, but some of those I heard speaking about the matter come from good, honest folks and perhaps can be relied upon, so draw your own conclusions. At any rate, some of our brave boys at the first sign of any commotion moved up those stairs so fast that the only thing that stopped them from going overboard was the guard rail. In fact, they moved so fast that the breeze they caused almost gave them pneumonia. Now, whether their hasty exit was caused by fear or by their intense desire to make a clearance for the men following, well—again draw your own conclusions. After all the excitement died down it became known that the sub. was an American, which was off its course. I also heard that there were a few who liked the moonlight to such an extent that they could not bear to break away—



just sat up all night, watching. And several others who thought the sub. lookouts needed assistance and helped all night long.

The Minnekahada's course seemed to be steadily northward, and after four or five days we ran into some rather stormy weather. Up to this time, with very few exceptions, the boys had weathered the trip very well, but the rough seas began to have their effect. We would be seated below deck when suddenly some one would clasp his hand over his mouth and make a bee-line for the stairway—guess why. Few minutes later, perhaps another. It became so after a few days that one had to have a reserve space at the rail, and "make it easy for yourself, sleep next to the rail," became a byword. I happened to be standing next to one of the boys one night who had that "dying duck" look in his eyes. I did not notice at first what he was doing. The moon was rising. "Beautiful night," says I, "Look at the moon coming up." "Gee whiz," was his rejoinder, "did I swallow that too?"

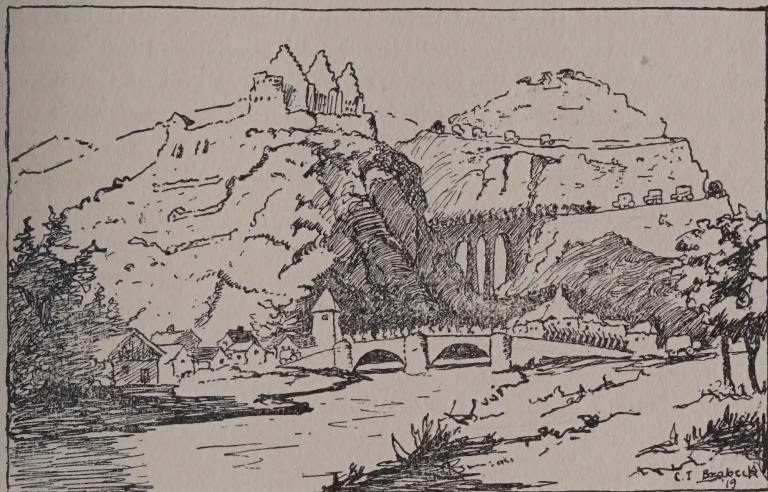
Well, after 13 days of sailing we finally sighted old Liverpool, and we all heaved one great sigh of relief. I can sympathize with old boy Christy Colombo. I do not know how many days he was on the water, but if it was more than 13 he certainly deserves every decoration ever invented.

As Shakespeare said in his famous opera, "Faust," "I care not what course other may pursue, but as for me give me terra cotta," or terra firma or whatever it was, dry land, that's me.



With the Army of Occupation

November 17th to December 15th.



"There she is, men!"

We had been hiking steadily downhill for two hours, and now, way ahead in the wide valley flowed majestically the old river so prominent in German history.

In the history of wars of the past there have been many famous marches, but to the members of Company "C" "the trail of the bully beef cans from Ansouville to the Rhine," will always be the greatest.

After a year's training in the States, four months on the front in France, we now look at the Rhine, lined on each side by layers of hills, many crowned by ruins of old castles.

The picture was wonderful. A thought of the wars that had been fought and the history that had been made along its banks made us silent in the first few moments of wonderment.

Members of the Company, except those who were detailed on special work, saw the Rhine for the first time near Boppard, December 15th, late the same night arriving in Mayen, Germany.

In Mayen, one of the country's old walled cities, we were treated excellent by the inhabitants, as we had been throughout our trip over the kaiser's land. It was hard to remember that we were at war with this country where people invited us into their homes to sleep, eat and even offered us much of their scarce supply of food.

From November 17th, when we left Ansouville, France, to De-

ember 15th, when the trip terminated at Mayen, we had kept close on the trail of the defeated German army. Christmas was celebrated in Mayen and as we looked back we all remembered how our Thanksgiving had been spent.

For convenience we had celebrated in Ansouville on the evening of November 16th. It was the termination of the long stay in that village of the 1st and 3rd Platoons. Details had all been called in and the 2nd Platoon had arrived a few days previous. A part of the 4th came over from Buxerulles in a truck for the dinner.

Twelve geese with mashed potatoes, roast pork, gravy, cabbage slaw and cake made a feast fit to satisfy any Yank.

The first detail of 20 men, consisted of linemen and telephone operators, who were consigned to special duty, pulled out at 2:00 o'clock the following morning on a truck. Another detail got away at 5:00 A. M., the remainder of the Company after more or less confusion caused by lightening of packs, hiked away a couple of hours before noon.

Bernicourt first attracted our attention. Here a few buildings with tottering walls and filled with debris, still stood as if in defiance of further advance of the enemy. Continuing we passed many dugouts and shelters, and the fields and woods where we had spent weeks reclaiming all the signal wire that present-day warfare necessitated.

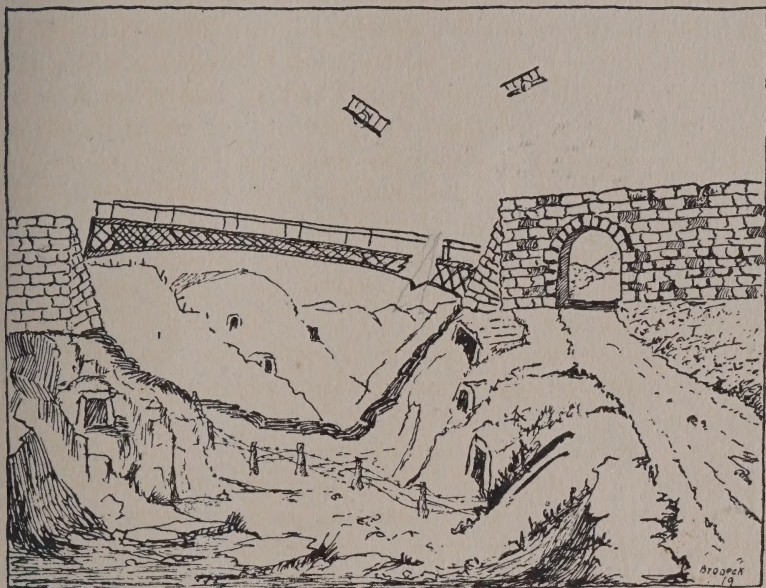
To our right lay a huge foundation of steel and concrete, entirely invisible from above due to the carefully camouflaged covering of painted burlap over wire supports. This was the home of one of our largest guns, and a good one, too, for the foundation was 25 feet square and fully 12 feet deep; there were many like it in the vicinity. The guns had gone forward during the drive but judging from the ammunition lying handy they surely had some say in the great war.

Leaving Bernicourt behind we quickened our pace for everyone knew we would visit the Red Cross at Flirey, rounding one of the hundred and one "dead man's curves" for the last time. A few of us gave a sigh of relief. More than one Sammy had gone West while exposing himself to the enemy on this particular curve.

The Flirey Red Cross, always on the job, served cocoa, cookies and cigarettes. Little did we guess that the papers handed to us there would be our last daily chronicles for weeks.

Flirey had been in No Man's Land for four years and was completely pounded to pieces. We sat there enjoying our handout for a few minutes while we thought of the tales of bravery which the old church steeple could vouch for. It had stood the test of time and conflict and its remaining two legs seemed to have entered into the war spirit by doing the work of four.

There stood a huge steel suspension bridge, enemy shell fire had made it a monument of the war. But it had served its country again by the shelter it had provided a telephone detail during the St. Mihiel drive.



North of Flirey was No Man's Land, a desolate, barren waste, dotted everywhere with shell holes, some a foot or so deep made by the little one pounders, others much deeper where heavier caliber had exploded. Lying about were the fragments of shells and projectiles of various shapes and sizes. Winding through the destroyed country were semblances of what had once been trenches. Stretches of broken and trampled barbed wire entanglements were everywhere. Here and there a shattered tree trunk stood as a monument of a pre-war forest. Continuing past German support entrenchments and dugouts we found the German artillery had lost some prized guns. Printed in bold letters on one of the largest was "Captured September 12th by the boys of the 89th." Each gun had been the prize of a certain raid during the drive.

Passing through Essey, the target of many a shell, we crossed a small river, where as the story goes the "Frogs" and Boche bathed alternately under an unwritten armistice. This procedure had been brought abruptly to a finish when a Yankee Major happened to have some troops in the vicinity.

The camouflage fence along the road was now serving the mess sergeant for firewood. It had protected many a truck and troop train from the watchful artillery observers. The fence was about 15 feet

high and was constructed by lacing poles side by side with wire.

In Pannes hardly a roof remained and many a direct hit proved the accuracy of our own artillery.

After winding through a narrow street and around a sharp curve we left the stone road to climb a muddy hill on our way to Benny. Here and there we could see equipment discarded by other members of this marching army. But the main greeting of the roadside was the familiar bully beef can. Their emptiness ever reminded us of our similar plight and the main subject of discussion was "when do we eat."

On we trudge, having fully 20 kilometers to go with full packs, past fields dotted with shell holes, while the line of trees on either side of the road dismissed any doubt in our minds that the life of the Hun could have been a pleasant one.



It was after 3 o'clock when the order came to fall out and make camp. Halting near a deserted farm house just outside of Benny, no time was lost in appropriating every available foot of floor space for sleeping quarters. A fire was started in the old fireplace and before long we were asleep. Our slumbers, however, were of short duration for the mess truck soon arrived and there was a mad scurry for chow.

The buildings belonging to this farm were like the great majority. One could not tell where the house began and the barn left off. For everything is under one roof. It was in the stable that our kitchen was soon assembled by a few of the mess sergeant's huskies, who, due to their ability along this line had drawn a chance to ride.

Sleep soon o'ertook all our troubles but the morning chill awoke us all too soon and we arose stiff and tired. Breakfast was served at 6 o'clock and immediately afterward the truck drivers began their day's work by thawing out the cold engines. It was here that Crawford had to use nearly as much hot water to thaw out poor Chamberlain as in the radiator. He had slept on the truck seat, thinking of course the springs would make a fine bed, however, we are informed that as they are without heat a truck affords a poor place to spend the night.

Some trouble was experienced starting the F. W. D's. and it was not until the old reliable "Liberty" had towed or shoved each in turn that everything was ready for the day's journey.

After kitchen, signal and other equipment was loaded it was found that there was still room to spare and it was decided to lighten our burden by loading our packs on the truck.

It had been planned that we should wait for their return and all ride to the next stop. About 10 A. M. one of our motorcycles returned with the news of a blown up bridge ahead and it was not until late afternoon that the trucks returned.

We followed along roads full of shell holes and lined with camouflage. Road repairing here had been somewhat neglected and our progress was hindered considerably. Passed a dugout beside the road that was inhabited by six sturdy artillerymen who manned a three-inch field piece. Ammunition lined the walls. Others similarly constructed were in the vicinity and one could not help but notice that they were taking no chances with the Hun even though the final shot had been fired one week before.

On past shot and shell torn fields and woods we come upon unoccupied trenches. They were in a good state of preservation and we were told that this was as far as the Yanks advanced by force. They, one week previous, being part of our front line defence. German equipment of all kinds was lying about. In their hurried retreat they had left blankets, gas masks, clothing and whatever else they could easily dispose of. It was here that the souvenir bug stung many and from there on all eyes were looking for Boche stuff.

Few of the buildings were in ruins at Doncourt, the majority looked as good as they did before the rain of shot and shell.

Here was an old man plowing and for motive power he used a team consisting of a horse and cow.

Now the aspect changes. Evidences of the struggle are being left behind. We are now on enemy held territory. Although the countryside looks peaceful there still lurks in our mind the fact that Boche snipers may be in the vicinity.

In St. Hilare we find the mined bridge that caused our late start that day.

Our trip took us through Jeandulize and Buzy to Worque. Later, however, we returned and found billets at Buzy. It was seemingly by degrees that we were all billeted in the little village and that evening many stories of the troubles encountered on the trip were corroborated in great detail.

It seems Crawford had proceeded on to Etain, having missed the special guard to halt him. He had spent the greatest part of time while there endeavoring to locate the Company. At last information was gained of the mishap and he rejoined us at Buzy.

Another interesting incident was nicknamed "The Wanderings of the Second and Fourth." The aforesaid Platoon had attempted a short cut but for a time were lost and arrived long after dark.

Two nights' stay at Buzy was enough to convince all that the town had been misnamed. "Fleaville" would have been much more appropriate for the Dutch billets were simply alive. Friday, November 21st, found us on our way again. The roads and countryside had lost their wartime aspect, while rolling fields of green led us away from the scenes of battle.

In trying to avoid a shell hole which proved to be the last one passed, Sgt. Lippett landed his truck in the ditch. This caused a little trouble but in a half hour we were going again.

Entering the principality of Luxemburg a general improvement in the condition of the country was noticeable. We passed factories and up-to-date manufacturing plants; Luxemburg seemed to be a very progressive country. Many little towns were artistically decorated with flags of the victors, while arches of evergreen reminded us that we were welcome.

In Boudrezy where we spent the night, the work of the Huns was again in evidence. Horses, cattle and sheep had been driven away during their retreat and few inhabitants knew what their next meal would consist of.

The following day when passing through the little town of Aumetz in one corner of Lorraine, the whole population was celebrating the homecoming of their soldiers. The dress parade at noon was like a scene from Graustark, red, white and blue colors were used in profusion and flag dresses worn by the women and girls were unique.

North of Aumetz we passed many other "Yanks" on their way to the Rhine; some units were riding but the majority were on foot.

Esch was the next town and it was a modern New York in comparison to others we had visited during our travels. After passing numerous iron and steel mills we entered the city which had long outgrown its walls. Large show windows and a display of good merchandise and electric signs were good to look at once again. Here as before a cordial welcome was extended and we felt quite at home in that strange land. It was regretted that we did not stop in Esch, but two hours ride over a good stone road and we came to Bettemburg. Here as before the Luxemburgers had decorated in honor of the event.

The town was scouted for good sleeping quarters and a few succeeded in finding commodious German feather beds. Late breakfast to those who had been so fortunate, told the tale of a good night's sleep. They, too, were the cause of some extra hikes with packs and no dinner. Reveille comes all too soon for a tired soldier in a good bed.

The following day we were given a much-needed bath. The accommodations loaned by the railroad were the most sumptuous we had yet been introduced to.

We spent Thanksgiving day in Betttemburg. We ate bully beef for dinner. In the afternoon we trimmed Company B in a football game 5 to 0. A vaudeville show in the evening closed the day.

After a week's stay in Betttemburg, during which time the neighborhood towns of Luxemburg were taken in by various members of the Company, orders arrived and we left for Germany. A day's ride over hills and valleys brought us to the border town of Grevenmacher. There were no billets available, however, and we spent the night in an old stone quarry.

Such a contrast—Oh, for the feather bed of the previous night. But no, only hard stone for a bed. Later we found an old barn in the vicinity would offer more enjoyable quarters so the majority tested the qualities of an old hay mow. The kitchen had been located in the quarry and a few improvised beds made of wine casks and straw housed the balance of the Company. Fires were built to remove the dampness and the scene in the cavern at 9 P. M. was a weird one.



Next morning we proceeded to Grevenmacher and were billeted, but a few hours later we had to vacate our quarters and we hiked up the Moselle to the neighboring town of Machtem. Here the Moselle river forms the boundary line between Luxemburg and Prussia and we were anxious for the time when we would trod on German soil. The steep slopes on both sides of the river were entirely planted to

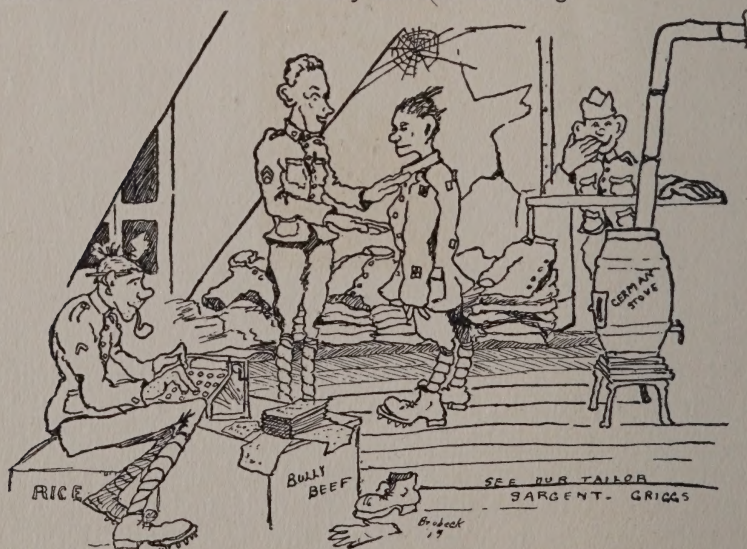
vineyards. Not since we left Central France had we passed through a wine-producing community.

The following days were spent in the little town of Machtem and as the new month came in resumed our march. We followed down the river for about five kilometers, and then at the junction of the river Sure with the Moselle we crossed into Germany at Wassebiling on December 3rd, four months from the date of our arrival overseas.

Following down the Moselle we entered Trier, one of Germany's oldest cities. The people extended a hearty welcome, while the exchange of tobacco for spiked helmets caused some delay. Continuing we passed a famous German aviation field, also numerous barracks filled with American soldiers who were likewise on their way to the Rhine.

About four kilometers past Trier we joined the 2nd and 3rd Platoons, and after a late supper were assigned to billets. The evening proved uneventful, for it was in Ruwer that beer was very conspicuous but verboten. Here as before the civilian population were good at bartering their military souvenirs for something of a commercial value. Next day a hike to Trier was enjoyed by a few.

On Friday morning, December 6th, the 1st and 4th Platoon departed in trucks. Following the Moselle the roads were bad and although a beautiful trip it was a hard one. By a series of winding roads we climbed the steep slopes along the east bank of the river and travelled for miles over mountains, hills and across valleys. Nearing Berncastle we again descended to the river; crossing, we followed a mountain road again, leading away from the river and a 10-mile ride brought us to Wittlich. After a few hours' stay we left for Burg.



Instead of making two trips for the Company, as heretofore, the trucks only made one. The men with poor shoes and those unable to walk due to loss of sleep were loaded into trucks. The balance of the Company hiked.

Our stay in Burg was uneventful. While there we were billeted in private homes. Two days after our arrival we again hiked with light packs. We continued down the Moselle to Zell and from there crossed the mountains to Beltheim, several miles distant. We passed through dense forests which we took to be the Black Forests of Germany. At Beltheim we were cordially welcomed by the populace and found billets in their homes.

A week was spent in Beltheim drilling and checking clothing. Notices were posted forbidding the bartering of equipment. We left Beltheim early on the morning of December 15th, moving as before except that the trucks had left two hours earlier to lessen our walk.

The hike to Boppard on the Rhine will long be remembered because of the muddy roads.



Billets and Billeting



Billets are a disease contracted by the A. E. F. on arriving safely overseas. They may be had in any form from the proverbial side-door Pullman and God's ampitheatre to huge four posters containing sacks of the undermost part of a duck.

One's first impression of a billet is arrived at in the training camp from the stories contributed to the local Zeitung by war correspondents, who give the impression that all billets are located in barns. From the rookie to the leatherneck top-kick—I beg your pardon, M. S. E.—we saunter casually under various alibis to the company barn and various other bovine domiciles of the surrounding neighborhood to gain advance information on our prospective snoring academy. We view huge stacks of new mown animal fodder with great glee. We test its elastic qualities at the risk of our necks, by climbing to the rafters and doing flip-flops off into its depths. Finally departing satisfied that even Sherman may have made mistakes.

The "U" boat lies dim and distant in our wake. We have arrived in France after days of trying to make a six-foot man fit into a four-foot hammock. We are at last to be given a chance at the much dreamed of billet. We arrive at the rest camp. The barns of our dreams are at hand. We can see rows and rows of long, low structures—rumor says that Napoleon built them. Peace be with the dead, but heaven help him were he alive. On entering, lo and behold, the straw of our dreams has vanished. Instead, some modern yielder of the adze has built two-decker bunks along the wall, our only mattress being strong steel slats running in both directions along

and across the bottom of a shallow box. We are tired, however, and we must sleep, so we roll our blankets and turn in. On the morrow our backs are stiff and ridged like a checker board.

The billet which extracts the most popular unprintable comment is what is known to the boys as "40 hommes, 8 cheveaux," meaning in good old United States, "40 ginks or 8 quadrupeds. Oh, most glorious of sensations is the ride in the perambulating vehicle or "frog boxcar," bearing this queer caption. The size is about 25 feet long, eight feet wide and seven feet from floor to roof. In this space 40 men must eat sleep, shave, and otherwise, for three or four days. Flat wheels are a part of its every day life. Now try and imagine 40 men with full equipment crowded into one of these cavities on rollers. During the daylight hours all goes well, excepting that night is right when it comes to a box seat in the door way. The sun has disappeared into the west, the landscape has enveloped itself into grotesque shadows and one wishes to break the monotony of a 12-hour ride in sweet repose. All wish to sleep in the corners, far removed from the frolic-ing drafts which pursue each other between the doors. After much parleying, a compromise is finally arrived at and we all lay down facing one end of the car. To obtain one hour's sleep is considered a marvelous feat. Oh death, where is thy sting.

From then on our ideals were smashed and we learned to sleep any place, anywhere. One discovers that in France it is customary for all members of the family, including the domesticated bovine, to abide in the same abode. We live in deserted houses, old barns and in every other form of shelter.

Our orders came to join the fighting forces at the front. Arriving at that point we find conditions worse than ever. We first get billets at a large military barracks. Some are lucky enough to get wooden or steel beds, others must test the quality of the stone floor.



Now comes the real test. We go farther up front; we are to live in towns where the houses have been severely lacerated by the Huns. Roofs are conspicuous by their absence. A four-foot room is found to contain 40 yards of dirt. Another form of billet is known as "arbi," or dugout. A dugout is a hole, 40 or less feet under mother earth, fully protected from bursting shells by huge logs, railroad iron and stones. Each dugout is issued its quota of rats, dog fleas, and other vermin. In order to thoroughly enjoy a billet one must arrive in the middle of the night with the order of no lights, and prepare himself a bunk on the ground. During his stay in the arms of Morpheus he must have frozen, roasted, been rained on, and had a few shells light in his vicinity, besides being chased to cover several times by the presence of enemy air-craft.

Last, but not least, in France are the French field barracks, built in sections on the ground and slapped together at a rapid rate of speed. They have solid mud floors, with roofs guaranteed to admit at least two-thirds of any rain storm to seep through on the occupants. Don't forget that it rains every day in sunny France. Oh, for that attic room at home.

One day old "Bill" quit fighting and a new peril presented itself. We must advance into Germany. Where would we sleep in this country? Where, as we imagined, more would be done for our inconvenience than otherwise. First day out, still in France. The conditions remain the same. As we advance into territory held by Fritz we sleep in his billets. Much the same as ours, but he has taken more care of the roofs and walls. After the third day of indulging in



Boche we became aware of a peculiar itching sensation over the entire body. On reading the "evening shirt" we discover that our billets are inhabited by others than ourselves. At one stop some of the boys found billets in subterranean wine vats made of glass. Fine! they say, but on the morrow comes the advice that they were the most wonderful conductors of cold in the universe. We take their word for it.

After crossing No Man's Land and Heinie's front line area, we reached the land of the enemy. We are dumbfounded by the offering of their home and sleeping and eating quarters. We are asked to partake of their luxurious feather beds, and it is needless to add that all offers were promptly accepted.

A German bed is composed of one large tick on the bottom and one smaller on the top, which covers up the feet and lower portion of the body, a light covering between the two and a large pillow.

Early we decided to rest our travel-worn bodies in this vast expanse of down. Clothes are removed, something unusual for the soldier. We sink into the broad expanse and arrange the covering and tick over us. Midnight, and still no sand man has weighted our weary eyelids. Something is wrong. Eureka! this new fangled sleeping contrivance is too soft, the bed too warm. On arising at an early hour we are tired out, with the limbs sore and back aching.

The only billet which differs from those already mentioned is one we established in a stone quarry in Luxemburg, at a little town near the German border. We had stopped for the night and everyone was tired. Supper being over, search was made for the best means of resting the body as well as the mind. In one end of the quarry, which resembled a mine on account of having been cut into the hill and the stone removed without removing the surface, several of the boys found a number of old wine casks of large dimensions. One end of these was removed, and upon being filled with straw and blankets made a fine though unique bed. Fires were kindled in various locations and altogether the scene made a picture an artist would crave to paint.

Having dealt with billets, it becomes necessary and appropriate that we explain to you the means employed by Uncle Sam's "Dutch-cleansers" for procuring these places of abode. A supreme advance agent of the army, armed with official documents rather than passes



to the big show, and known to the fighters as a town-major, takes over the town or section. He decides how many men shall sleep in the quarters available. He rules with an iron hand, first come, first served. His rank might be anything from private to a Colonel, but he is generally rank enough. As the advancing army comes forward, wild-eyed officers with set faces and determined manners demand their billets of this marble visaged personage. He greets them one and all alike, and sends them on their way, some with joy-lit faces and others with angry looks. They have been assigned. Now comes the fun. They go to their place of rest to find the nest already occupied by outfits who doubt the town-major's authority and refuse to leave. Our friend, the town-major, descends from his throne and harangues them thoroughly. In the end he struts away, victory teeming from his dignified personage. Who is there among us that will kick at a room and a bath at a dollar and a half?



"Messkit"



In the incubation period of our military life we were the fortunate possessors of the original Messkit.

Messkit came to us, how no one knew, he simply appeared, and no doubt had a lineage similar to "Topsy." Messkit was an unusually attractive dog of an unknown breed, and was a very sorry sight when he first made his appearance. He was of that lean and hungry type, to say nothing of the unwashed state in which we found him.

Our kitchen at that time had a reputation for its cuisine, and Messkit very rapidly improved under the attention paid him, until within a surprisingly short space of time he became a plump, well-fed and much loved mascot.

He had an excellent ear for music and seemed to like military music most of all. He rapidly acquired the meaning of the various bugle calls, and from "first call to taps" he was out for all formations. He soon became a familiar object and all arms of the service at Camp knew him and his Company.

He did his bit many times by bringing smiles to our faces before our entrainment for tidewater. Many bets were placed as to whether old faithful would see overseas service or not. We evaded the military police by sending the little white pal with a private escort, Private Hopkins to be exact, to the train ahead of the Company to see that Messkit was placed in an advantageous and out-of-sight position on our train. At our last muster at Camp Custer the only ones reported absent but accounted for were Private Hopkins and Messkit. But faithful Koken came to view with his report that Hopkins had taken Messkit to the train. This nearly queered the deal from the start. Messkit exposed himself several times on the train, and several times was in danger of being put off, but there were too many of us and the enemy was forced to concede to our demands.

Messkit pranced delightedly on to the "bound-brook" ferry boat which carried us to Long Island, and he had the run of Camp Mills during our short sojourn there. He was smuggled on to the S. S. Minnekahda by means of an overcoat and gunnysack, and was confined to the stokehold by means of a five dollar bribe to one of the stokehold inhabitants. This man proved unfaithful to his trust, and one bright day who should appear on deck but our little old pal. It was cheering to many of the fish-feeders to see him, but the salt air exposure being too

unhealthy for the purp, we again put our faith in one of the denizens of the stokehold, but with one of our boys as special orderly to see that our confidence was not betrayed.

Messkit, being able to disguise himself as a lunch box, was easily taken off the boat at Liverpool. He rode with us third class to Southampton. We again dared the possibility of a court martial at the channel crossing, but the gods of the U. S. S. Charles were all for their brothers of the army and took care of our little purp for us. Messkit was carried with the service records through our stay at Le Harve De Grace, and as one of the forty hommes on the palatial abode on the chemin de fer of Labelle France.

Messkit was a constant companion of all of us during the severe days of our occupation of Sancerre, and many a day he laid his ugly mug in one of our laps in sympathy after one of our long hikes. On our way to the front, Messkit went A. W. O. L. at Issurtille. Every possible effort was made to locate our little mascot. Even an advertisement in the Stars and Stripes failed to help us in the cause. After the armistice was signed and we started toward the Rhine with the Army of Occupation, we had to give up the quest, and today all we have are the memories of the good old dog named Mike Messkit.



Co. C Theatrical History

By SGT. C. W. FRENCH

As army life began to draw its bonds around us all in the way of "Squads East," K. P. duties and guarding Company property with a chunk of wood, just enough to help us forget for short intervals what we had left behind—for instance Joe's place around the corner, we realized that we were really in the army, not all in uniform but nevertheless all U. S. soldiers who didn't know what in hell was coming next but we were willing to take it as it came.

Our top skipper, at that time a Mr. Nelson, with 104 years of army experience (to hear him tell it) to back him up, informed us that to be a regular outfit, we must possess a Company fund, to procure for "we prides" of the folks at home such articles as a head waiter's comedy costume for Kolb, Bon Ami scouring soap for the windows, spending money for the top soak and other necessities. Thus, we brightened to the occasion and after careful consideration of all money-raising features, we finally decided that a first-class show would produce the required "gilt."

It was on an evening in early November that the Company was called into the mess hall in response to a search for the required amount of male Melbas, Carusos, Kreistlers, etc., to produce said theatrical, and after a short time we had procured the theatrical history of many a star who had never had a chance to sparkle in the world of fame but could produce "fiel" newspaper clippings from their home town to show that they sure possessed rare talent. The home papers had said as much (nuff said) and last but not least, there stepped into the limelight a quartette from somewhere in or about the wilds of Waukeegon that knew the whole chorus of one (1) song, the title of which was "That's Where Our Money Goes."

This organization, although possessing rare—yes very rare—artistic temperament, was finally persuaded to change their record, put on a new needle and tell the folks all about their girl who *still waits* for them on Lookout Mountain.

There also appeared from up in the same woods, a combination cook and piano player that later, although inclined to be a little hard boiled at times, proved himself to be an excellent cook.

Nevertheless, through this meeting, we found that Company C possessed an unlimited amount of excellent talent in many lines. The following weeks were some to remember—getting everything ready for the

big noise—including many rehearsals and trying over of acts, until at last on the night designated for the initial outburst of Company C, the storm broke and when it cleared and taps were finally played over the last act, we had succeeded far beyond our expectations.

The performance was repeated with a few minor improvements at the Post Theatre in Battle Creek, and came out again with flying colors, especially as far as the financial end was concerned. We had achieved what we had entered the game for—a substantial Company fund—and although we would have enjoyed playing a few more towns in the vicinity of the Camp, our Company commander rose to remark that we were there to help build a Signal Corps—not a theatrical organization. So from then on our chances for further production while at Custer were sure S. O. L.

From here on, outside of a few minor entertainments by the quartette, the theatrical history of the Company took a noticeable rest until after the Armistice was signed. On Thanksgiving Day in Bettemburg, Luxemburg, on our march to the Rhine with the Army of Occupation, the Company entertainers gave a small production for the battalion which was rather weak, for one can't produce good entertainment on a Thanksgiving dinner of red beans and TEA—do you remember?

Our next attempt at the show business was on New Years eve at Mayen, Germany, where we went over the top with about the poorest theatrical production the A. E. F. ever witnessed, at the rate of two marks a flop. Not that it was worth this amount but orders from our C. O., fighting Bob McWhorter, were not to be overlooked. Our failure at this attempt was no fault of the men involved, but it goes to show just how little entertainment one can give where proper facilities are not obtainable, such as music, costumes and many other theatrical necessities one can readily obtain over here in God's country.

It was not long after New Years that the theatrical bug hit the entire A. E. F., first through general headquarters and then through the Y. M. C. A. Our C. O., Major Baker, was approached in regard to the possibilities of a battalion production and readily consented to the idea and displayed so much enthusiasm over it that with his help, and the personal efforts of the men interested, new equipment was soon forthcoming which began, after a few weeks, to take on the appearance of a minstrel production far beyond our most vivid dreams.

Our tryout was staged in Mayen at the Y. M. C. A., where we met with such success that we were obliged to produce for the second time before going on the road.

Our trips to the towns around Mayen brought us into the limelight to such an extent that we were ordered to Auerweiler, Germany, then

the headquarters of the 42nd, or Rainbow Division. Here the troop lived in luxury for two weeks, being billeted in a regular hotel, eating at a regular restaurant with accomodations far too numerous to mention.

We were recalled from this luxury to Mayen, and played a few more entertainments in the towns around our own headquarters, until we were finally called to Montabaur, headquarters of the 1st Division across the Rhine. The word Montabaur brings back to us all many fond recollections, such as Bill Laneen—the best feed we had as yet found, and last, but not least, a party, being a party of 21 good fellows with no officers to bother them, which was quite some relief, to say the least.

Although the weather across the Rhine was rather cold and rainy for the five weeks we were with the 1st Division, a change of location had but one bright spot in it and that was we were booked for Whittlich, headquarters of the 7th Corps, and our next jump to follow would be the S. O. S. This, to our disappointment, we never reached, for while billeted in Trier we received orders from our Battalion headquarters to report back to Mayen to prepare for immediate embarkation for home and God's country.

This order was filled in due time, then, after a goodbye show for the boys of our Battalion, the equipment was disposed of and the 310th F. S. Bn. minstrels passed out of existence hand in hand with the 4th Army Corps.

In recognition of the excellent entertainment produced and the snap and spirit used in putting it iver, the 310th F. S. Bn. show was awarded the "Gold Medal" for being the best entertainment organization in the 4th Army Corps, and the Hon. John Jazz Frohling received the silver medal for the best individual act. This recognition was well deserved by the boys, for I have my doubts if any organization in the A. E. F. ever spent more time and energy putting over something that brought so few personal comforts and enjoyments as did the boys in the 310th in whipping the show into shape, and lastly putting it over with a punch that even made that Grand Old Man of the Battle of Ansouville (fighting Bob) say "My God, I didn't think it possible," and then actually smile at the achievement of the boys of his Company of which he, as battalion entertainment officer, almost got interested in at times. We thank you Bob "just for the smile."

The wonderful success of the 310th production can be placed at the door of but one party, and that was the entire cast of the organization. Each man filled his place to such an extent that without any one of the 21 men involved, the show could not have been the success it was. And although in writing this article I am taking every care not to place any personal prize on any individual, I believe I speak the

feeling of the entire troop when I mention, in praise, the name of that hard-working, every-ready and all-for-the-gang fellow, "Gobby Trueman."

We didn't realize it so much at the time, fellows, but when you look back at the amount of territory he covered, he sure filled the bill. (How about it?)

It's a long way back to the old days and old friends who today are spread all over the U. S., such as Leatherneck Jones and our esteemed "Prof. Chas. Hickes," the one bugler in the A. E. F. who could blow the calls and make them all sound alike. The Rhine wine, the Cognac and the old Moselle (I don't mean the river) are things of the past, as well as the fraus and fraulins, even to Bishop's girl in Coblenz with the pearly eyes and the beautiful teeth. It's hard luck fellows, but for the A. E. F., the 310 and our ever in memory minstrel organization, taps have blown and we look back with few regrets and still with a sort of longing to go over it all once more. But forget it, buddies, it can't be done, and besides you might run into another mess of Kolb's red beans and boiled tea, so FINI LA GARE—TOOTE SUITE.



Reunion

Ansouville, France, November 11, 1968.—(By Ass'd Press)

A half century has elapsed since the signing of the Armistice and the cessation of hostilities in the Great War. The event was celebrated here today by a reunion of the boys of Company C, 310th Field Signal Battalion, who back in 1918, took an active part in holding the lines and the sieges of Ansouville, Royoumex, Fliery, Beaumont, Bernicourt and other points in the St. Mihiel sector.

The celebration was the largest in the history of the city, and the two million inhabitants greeted the veterans with open arms, proving without doubt that they realized it was due to Yank push and modern methods introduced in war times that caused the growth of Ansouville to a city of such vast proportions.

The buildings and streets were a mass of bright color, tri-colors of France, and American flowers were everywhere. Great streamers of the two countries' colors draped the skyscrapers. Beautiful women and gaily dressed girls thronged the pavement and sidewalks. Bands played the national airs of America and France, and popular music of war time.



The Ansouville of old, with its shell wrecked buildings, its lightless nights, its dark, muddy, narrow streets, its muddy dugouts was a thing of the past. No, not forgotten by the heroic old veterans, but tucked back in a dark corner of their memory.

The reception committee was formed of former members of Com-

pany C, whom, because of their fondness of France and especially Ansonville, had moved their homes to that city following the war.

Monsieur Grover G. Stine, formerly of Saginaw, Michigan, and now Ansonville's leading tire dealer, was chairman. Remainder of committee was Messrs. Cyrus J. Rosen, Percy H. Wheeler, Paul R. Zweifel, James H. Gilbert and Maurice Mahaffay.

Monsieur Stine and the committee were faultlessly attired for the occasion in frock coats of appropriate black, high silk hats, light trousers, patent leather shoes and white gloves. Engirdling the waist of each was a sash of red, white and blue silk.

The committee greeted the arriving veterans at the aeroplane landing on the roof of the 60-story Red Cross building, which in 1930 was erected on the site of its canvas predecessor of war times.

First to arrive was Mr. Leonard Frederick Murphy-Townsend, who shortly after the war was elected mayor of Waukegan, Illinois, and has held the honorable position since. In company with Mr. Murphy-Townsend was Mr. Harold E. Pillifant of the same city. They arrived in Mr. Pillifant's air limousine, after a short stop over in Ireland where Mrs. Murphy-Townsend is visiting grand children.



The Reverend Mr. Charles P. Jones was next to grasp the hand of the committee. Reverend Jones held the position of top sergeant in Company C during the war, and later entered the pulpit, greatly surprising his former colleagues. Next to drop out of the sky, driving his own Spaad speedster despite his advanced years, was Mr. John J. Carls. Mr. Carls for the past 50 years has held the position of chief traffic director of the upper strata speed trans-atlantic air lane between London and New York.

The remainder of the guests arrived during the morning by various conveniences of the air. Among the later arrivals on the trans-continental air castle, A-85, were: Messrs. George N. Shattuck, John C. Sladek, Edward Lajoie, Clare J. Evans, John L. Potter, Oscar J. Brezline, John S. Rice, Francis R. Wilkinson, George A. Koken and George M. Haas from the old soldiers home at Goguac Lake, Michigan.

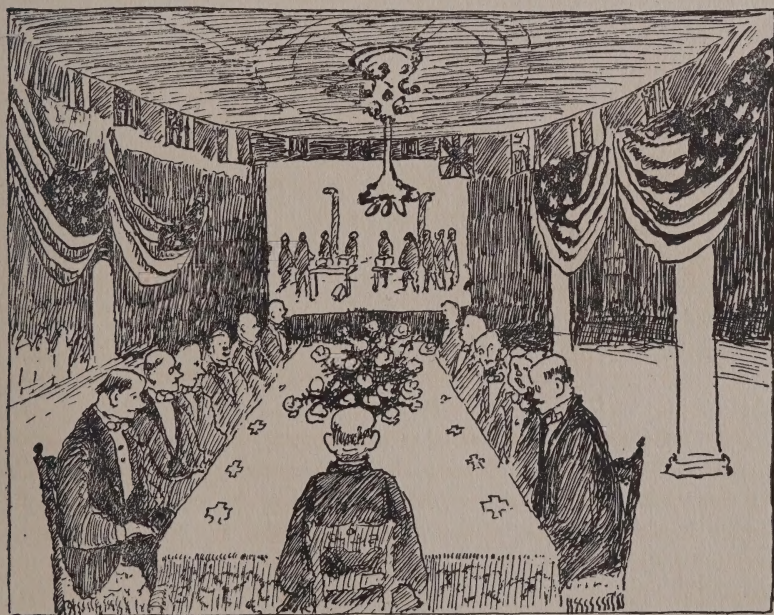
A mentionable coincidence of the landing was that Mr. Matthew P. O'Keefe and Mr. Harry H. Watts, both prominent residents of Chicago, slipped and fell into the pool of the Red Cross roof garden, duplicating similar accidents on the narrow bridge spanning the Anson-

ville river during their former occupation of the city. Both, however, were rescued uninjured.

As the guests arrived they were conducted to dugouts of their previous habitation, which had been preserved by the Ansonville Historic Society, and served with refreshments in honor of their return.

Shortly after noon Rev. Jones opened the program by croaking the old familiar command, "fall in by platoons." Regardless of bent figures, rheumatic joints and here and there a cane, heroic efforts were made to snap into it and make the line as of old. By force of habit Messrs. Harold M. Grant and Jerome L. Lippett were reported absent. Following the usual formalities an order was read by Reverend Jones to the effect that members of this organization were confined to the old St. Mihiel salient until further notice. Under penalty of punishment, as the court martial may direct, the Company was dismissed until the banquet hour of 8 P. M.

During the afternoon old time haunts were visited. Messrs. Porter S. Cleveland, Lawrence M. Lederer, Harold A. Blowers, Frederick E. Steinmetz, Garrett F. Chalker, Earl F. West and Stuart J. Donovan, due to the excitement and exertion of the long trip, became fatigued



and were conducted to points of interest in wheel chairs provided through the foresight of Doctors Peter Schotanus, Albert H. Roes and August W. Koppelman.

The pleasant afternoon wore away only too soon, and as the dinner hour approached the veterans, headed by Mr. Wirt G. Griggs and other former sergeants first class, filed into the banquet hall of the Antioch Hotel, erected after the war on the site of old Company C barracks.

Decorated in soft tints of gold and brown, the banquet hall was an artistic affair. Indirect rays from radium lights concealed in the high ceiling illuminated two long tables laid with spotless linen, sparkling cut glass and solid silver. Huge masses of roses were piled high on the centers of the tables. Flags of France and the United States were draped about the room.

Guests found their respective positions at the festive board by aid of novel place cards in the form of sterling silver trimmed iron crosses imported for the affair from the house of Grant and French, dealers in antiques and souvenirs, of Augusta, Michigan.

The light faded away—on a screen at one end of the room a moving picture flickered. For a moment it resembled a riot scene. Figures gradually formed themselves into a line in front of what was the old kitchen, a flimsy structure containing two field stoves, a table and a multitude of pots and pans. In a second the minds of the veterans traveled back over a period of 50 years. There was Kolb, Bill Arvant, Jimmy Anas Tasiades and four or five K. P's. The first man in line was served. Although no sound came from the screen, the veterans could almost hear, "What have we to eat today?" The reply from French, who nearly always squeezed in the line first, was "Bully beef, beans, bread and tea," as he walked away. Others were eating in the kitchen. On the screen they looked to be officers, and they were eating beefsteak, bread and butter and jam. And there was Pat Cootware—good natured, fat, old Pat of Milwaukee, who never could get enough to eat—watch him close—got in near the head of the line, hurriedly ate his first helping, washed his mess kit, went back in the first line for a second helping and got away with it. "Good for Pat," said one of the veterans. And there was Watts and Marshall right up in the foreground, trying to borrow a cigarette from Sopher. The picture faded, again the lights came on.

Edward A. Freed proved to be an entertaining toastmaster. One of the most interesting speeches of the dinner was made by Mr. Arthur L. Williams, for years after the war a famous lawyer of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who first made a world-wide reputation for himself when he delivered his "You tell 'em while I stand at attention" argument, in the Dibble-Crawford case.

After an exquisite 12-course dinner, the announcement was made that breakfast would be served in bed at 5:45 to any of the veterans who desired, and at 8:15 A. M. a short period of setting-up exercises would terminate the celebration.

